Dean/Castiel, PWP, bondage/orgasm control/marathon sex)

For sycophantastic, Dean/Castiel, PWP, bondage/orgasm control/marathon sex.

He's sore. Dean can handle soreness, he can handle aching. That's all beside the point.

The point is: Castiel still bound to the bed with restraints that can actually hold him, mouth open (*begging*) and still thrusting into the air, visibly hard, aching.

Dean's spent - he's come, he's ridden Castiel both ways, they're hours into this and the only reason Dean's not collapsed and napping on Cas' chest already is because of one thing, and one thing only:

Cas hasn't come yet. *Can't* come yet, not when Dean said 'no, don't, not yet' when he was balls-deep in Castiel, unaware that Castiel would not only listen but *obey.*

That's why Dean's sore: when he realized what had happened, he had to test it, and wound up seated on Cas, giving the angel his turn at fucking (as opposed to being fucked) and that orgasm had taken Dean by surprise - he hadn't realized that watching Cas fight not to come and beg to be allowed to at the same time would hit him so hard.

Dean wraps a hand around Castiel's cock, strokes it gently and can't help but keep looking as Castiel moans and begs and is so clearly lost in every sensation that Dean's voice is shaking when he finally, *finally* says 'yeah, Cas, go ahead.'